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# CHAIN OF COMMAND



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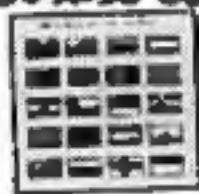
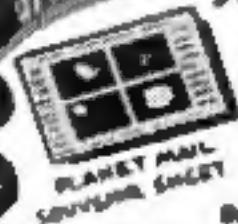
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# CHAIN OF COMMAND

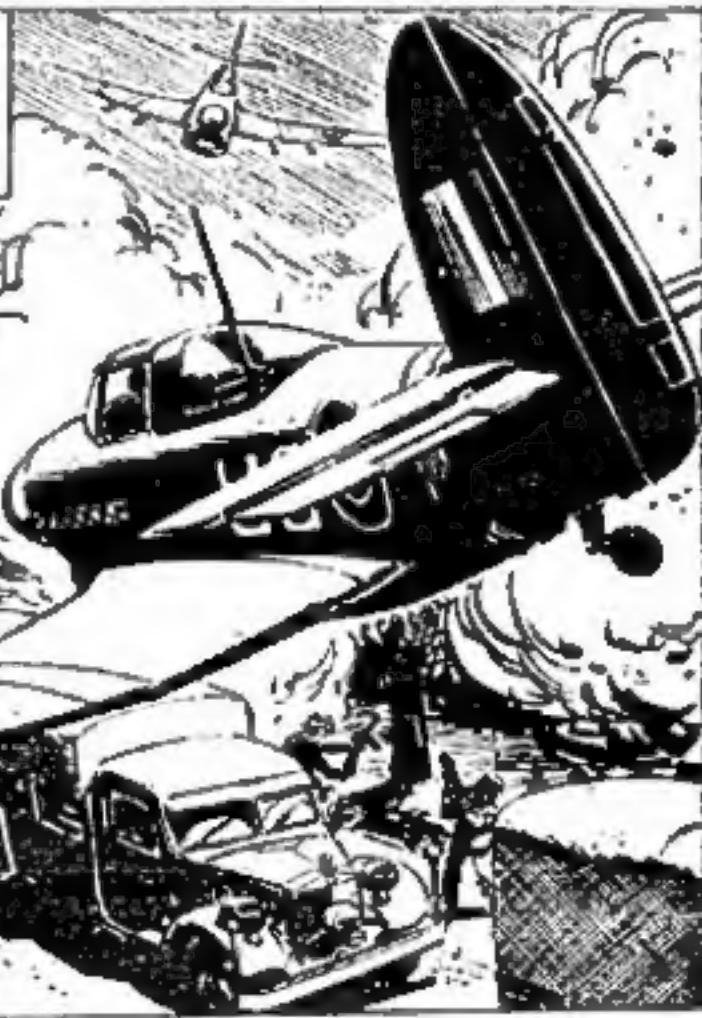
Fleetway Publications Ltd., 1962

ON JUNE 6, 1944, THE INVASION OF OCCUPIED EUROPE WAS LAUNCHED BY ALLIED LAND, SEA AND AIR FORCES. IN THE EARLY HOURS OF THAT HISTORIC DAY, THE SOLDIERS OF THE LIBERATION ARMY STORMED THE BULLET-SWEPT BEACHES. THE LAST BATTLE TO THE DEATH WITH NAZI GERMANY HAD BEGUN ...



## Chapter 1. The Tide Turns

THE GERMANS FOUGHT BACK WITH FANATICAL FEROCITY BUT THE ALLIES GRIMLY HELD ON TO THEIR BEACHHEAD -- AND BY THE END OF JULY, NEARLY A MILLION TROOPS WERE ASHORE IN NORMANDY. SLOWLY, RELUCTANTLY, THE WEHRMACHT FELL BACK ...



MONTHS OF BITTER FIGHTING FOLLOWED. IN BELGIUM, THE ENEMY GATHERED HIS STRENGTH AND HIT BACK IN A DESPERATE BID TO STEM THE TIDE OF WAR ...



BUT THE BID FAILED. FIELD BY FIELD, VILLAGE BY VILLAGE, TOWN BY TOWN, THE ALLIES BATTLED THEIR WAY INTO HOLLAND.



EXHAUSTED BY THE ORDEAL OF CONTINUOUS BATTLE AND THE STRAIN OF BEING CONSTANTLY IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH, BRITISH AND AMERICAN TROOPS PERSUADED THEMSELVES THAT THE ENEMY WAS ALREADY DEFEATED . . .

JERRY'S BEATEN !  
DONE FOR ? LOOK AT THAT POUNDING HE GOT AT THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE, GARGE ! I HEARD THEY LOST THREE WHOLE DIVISIONS -- WIPE OUT TO A MAN !

YOU MAY BE RIGHT, JACKSON. JERRY'S A TOUGH FIGHTER BUT THERE'S A LIMIT. THERE WERE ALL THE TROOPS THEY LOST AT THE FALAISE GAP -- AS WELL AS ON THE RUSSIAN FRONT. THEY MUST BE READY TO CHUCK IN THE TOWEL .



## Chain Of Command

BUT THEY WERE WRONG. WITH THEIR BACKS TO THE RHINE AND THE FATHERLAND, THE ENEMY PREPARED TO MAKE A LAST GREAT STAND ALONG THE SIEGFRIED LINE AND IN THE REICHSWALD FOREST.



THERE, IN THAT VAST, THICKLY-WOODED AREA BRITISH AND GERMANS WERE TO ENDURE PERHAPS THE LAST GREAT BATTLE AND SOME OF THE BITTEREST FIGHTING OF THE WAR.

BUT TO LIEUTENANT COLONEL ANGUS FRASER, COMMANDING OFFICER OF THE 3RD GLENNSHIRE BORDERERS, THE WAR SEEMED VERY FAR AWAY, WITH A SNORT OF DISGUST, HE THREW ASIDE THE DAY'S NEWSPAPER AND GLARED OUT OF THE MESS WINDOW AT THE WITTRY SCOTTISH COUNTRYSIDE.

THE GERMANS ARE FALLING BACK TOWARDS THE RHINE, NEIL. AT THIS RATE, THE WAR WILL BE OVER IN A COUPLE OF WEEKS OR SO.



HIS SECOND-IN-COMMAND, MAJOR NEIL CURRAN, SAW THE WOUNDED PRIDE IN THE OLD MAN'S EYES.

NEIL, I'VE COMMANDED THE THIRD GLENSHIRES FOR OVER TWENTY YEARS AND I SUPPOSE I'VE MADE A FAIR JOB OF IT. BUT NEVER HAVE I LED IT INTO ACTION--AND IT LOOKS NOW AS IF I NEVER WILL. HANG IT, WHAT'S THE USE OF A SOLDIER IF HE'S NEVER BEEN TO WAR?

SIR!



THE SIGNAL SERGEANT'S EYES SHONE WITH EXCITEMENT AS HE HELD OUT THE MESSAGE FORM ...

JUST RECEIVED THIS MESSAGE FROM COMMAND, SIR. WE'RE GOING OVER THERE, SIR. THEY'VE SENT FOR US AT LAST!

WHAT'S THAT? HERE --- LET ME SEE THAT SIGNAL!



# Chain Of Command

THERE WAS A NEW FIRE IN THE OLDER OFFICER'S EYES NOW -- A TREMOR OF EAGERNESS IN HIS VOICE . . .

AT LAST, NEIL, IT'S COME! WE'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST, TOO --- WE SAIL IN THREE DAYS' TIME -- FOR FRANCE!

THAT'S GREAT NEWS, SIR. I'LL ALERT THE ORDERLY ROOM.



BUT, PRIVATELY, NEIL CURRAN WAS NOT AT ALL SURE THAT IT ~~WAS~~ GOOD NEWS!

I WONDER, DOES THE OLD MAN ~~REALLY~~ KNOW WHAT HE'S GOING INTO? HE'S AS INEXPERIENCED AS THE REST OF US IN THE REGIMENT. THIS WILL BE HIS FIRST REAL TEST OF BATTLE COMMAND.  
I JUST HOPE AND PRAY HE MEASURES UP TO IT!



# Chain Of Command

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HERDED INTO A TROOPSHIP, THE THIRD GLENSHIRE BORDERERS LEFT SCOTLAND TO GO TO WAR



A CONVOY OF LORRIES TOOK THE GLENSHIRES ACROSS FRANCE AND INTO HOLLAND, ONLY LATELY WRESTED FROM THE NAZI GRIP.



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Chain Of Command

BUT, AN HOUR LATER, A DISPATCH RIDER DELIVERED URGENT ORDERS TO COLONEL FRASER.

SEEMS LIKE THE WAR IS HOTTING UP AGAIN, NEIL. WE'VE BEEN ORDERED TO TAKE UP POSITIONS SOUTH OF THE REICHSWALD FOREST! ABOUT TEN MILES FROM HERE.

SO IT WAS THE CONVOY SOON HALTED AND THE GLENSHIRES CLIMBED TO THE GROUND. FOR THE FIRST TIME, THEY HEARD THE DISTANT, OMINOUS BOOM OF ENEMY GUNFIRE.

WE'LL DO THE REST OF THE JOURNEY ON FOOT. IT'S ONLY A COUPLE OF MILES OR SO. GIVE US ALL A CHANCE TO GET THE STIFFNESS OUT OF OUR LEGS!

GOOD IDEA, SIR. IT SOUNDS LIKE JERRY'S LAYING DOWN A BARRAGE AND THESE TRUCKS MAKE AN EASY TARGET.

## Chain Of Command

BUT NEIL CURRAN'S ANXIETY INCREASED WHEN HE SAW THE MANNER IN WHICH COLONEL FRASER PROPOSED TO LEAD HIS MEN TO THE FRONT

A GOOD STIFF MARCH TO THE SKIRL OF THE PIPES. THAT'S WHAT WE ALL NEED, NEIL.

SIR. DON'T YOU THINK IT BEST IF WE SPREAD THE MEN OUT? IF ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN WHILST WE'RE ALL BUNCHED TOGETHER



COLONEL FRASER SMILED AT THE YOUNGER MAN. HIS EYES SHONE WITH FIERCE PRIDE.

IT'S QUITE RIGHT THAT YOU SHOULD BE CAUTIOUS, NEIL BUT THE PIPES WILL RAISE THE MEN'S FIGHTING SPIRIT. THE GLENSHIRES HAVE WAITED A LONG TIME FOR THIS MOMENT. LET'S NOT DISAPPOINT THEM.



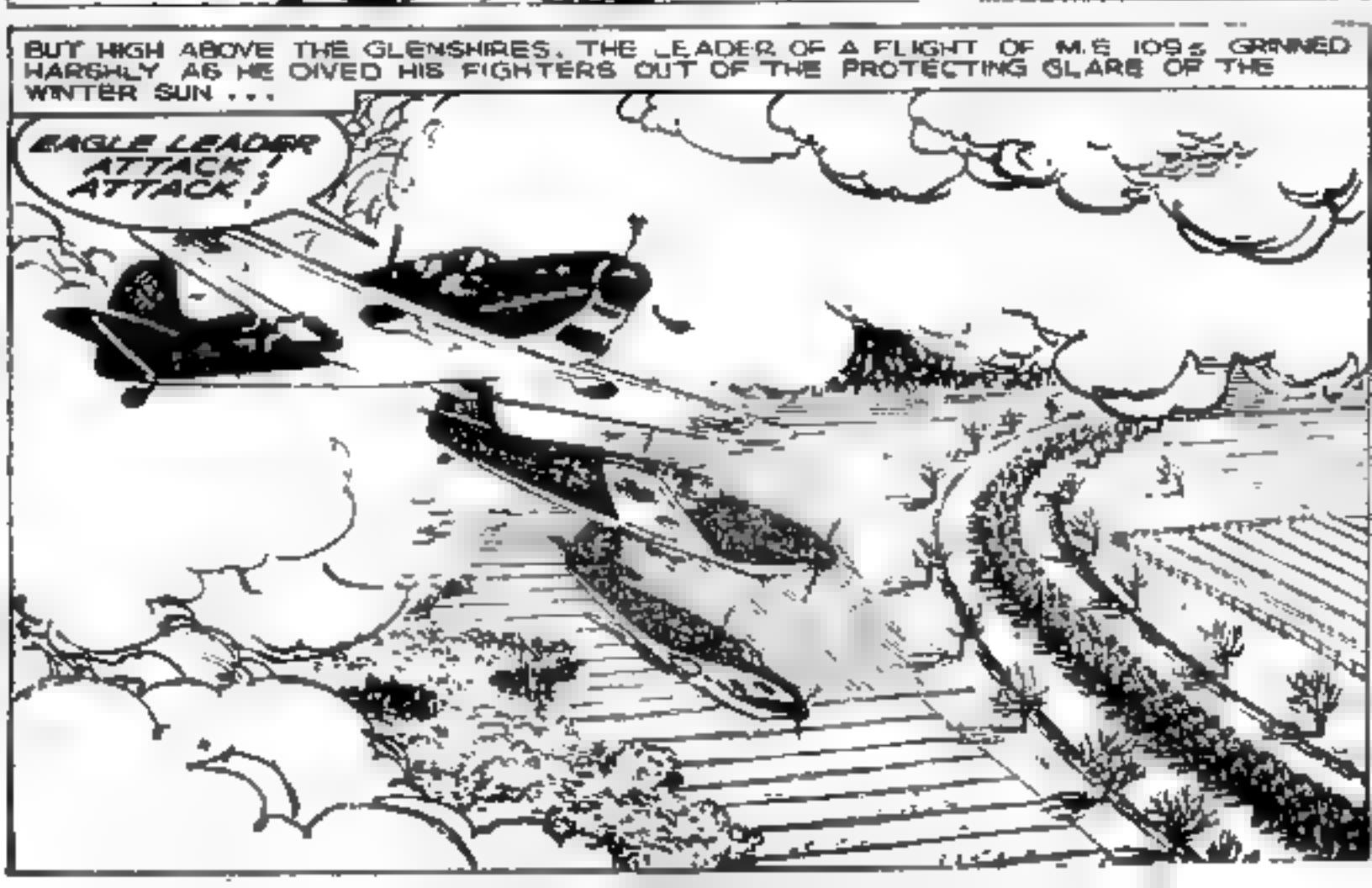
WITH SHOULDERS SQUARE AND ARMS SWINGING, THE GLENSHIRES MARCHED BRAVELY TOWARDS THE SOUND OF THE ENEMY GUNS



HE MAY HAVE HIS FAULTS, BUT THE OLD BOY DOES UNDERSTAND HIS MEN. MAYBE IT WAS A GOOD IDEA AT THAT!

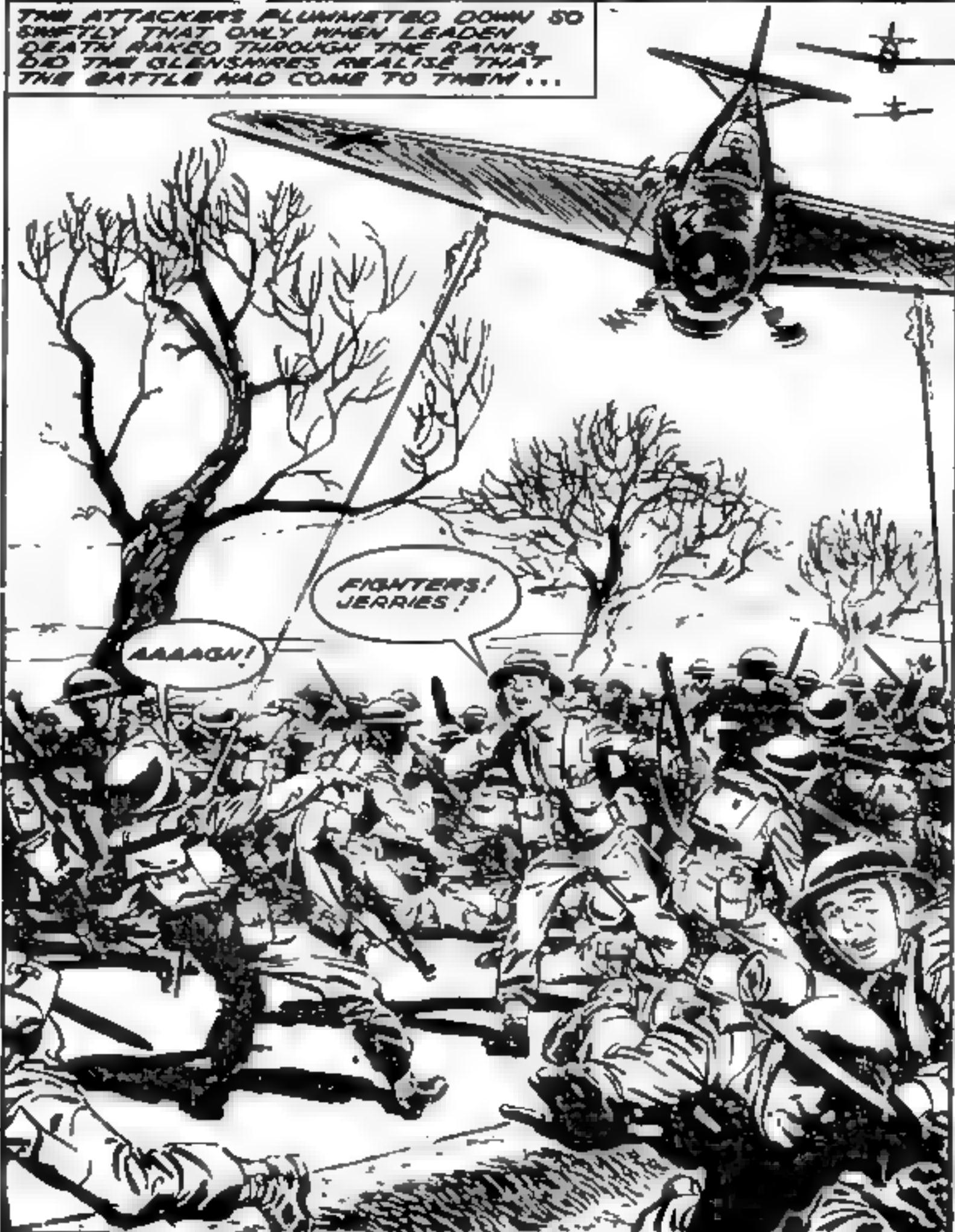
AND WHEN HE GLANCED BACK AT THE MEN, CURRAN COULD SEE THAT ALREADY THEY HAD FORGOTTEN THE HUMILIATION OF BEING LEFT BEHIND WHEN THE OTHER REGIMENTS HAD INVaded THE CONTINENT. MARCHING TO THE SKIRL OF THE PIPES THEY LOOKED LIKE SOLDIERS -- AND FELT LIKE FIGHTING MEN!

BUT HIGH ABOVE THE GLENShires, THE LEADER OF A FLIGHT OF ME 109's GRINNED HARSHLY AS HE DIVED HIS FIGHTERS OUT OF THE PROTECTING GLARE OF THE WINTER SUN . . .



EAGLE LEADER  
ATTACK! ATTACK!

THE ATTACKERS PLUMMETED DOWN SO  
SHEETLY THAT ONLY WHEN LEADEN  
DEATH RAKED THROUGH THE RANKS  
DO THE GLENNSHIRE'S REALISE THAT  
THE BATTLE HAD COME TO THEM ...



IT WAS NEIL CURRAN'S VOICE THAT ROSE ABOVE THE HAMMER OF MACHINE-GUNS, THE ROAR OF AIRCRAFT AND THE CRIES OF WOUNDED BORDERERS



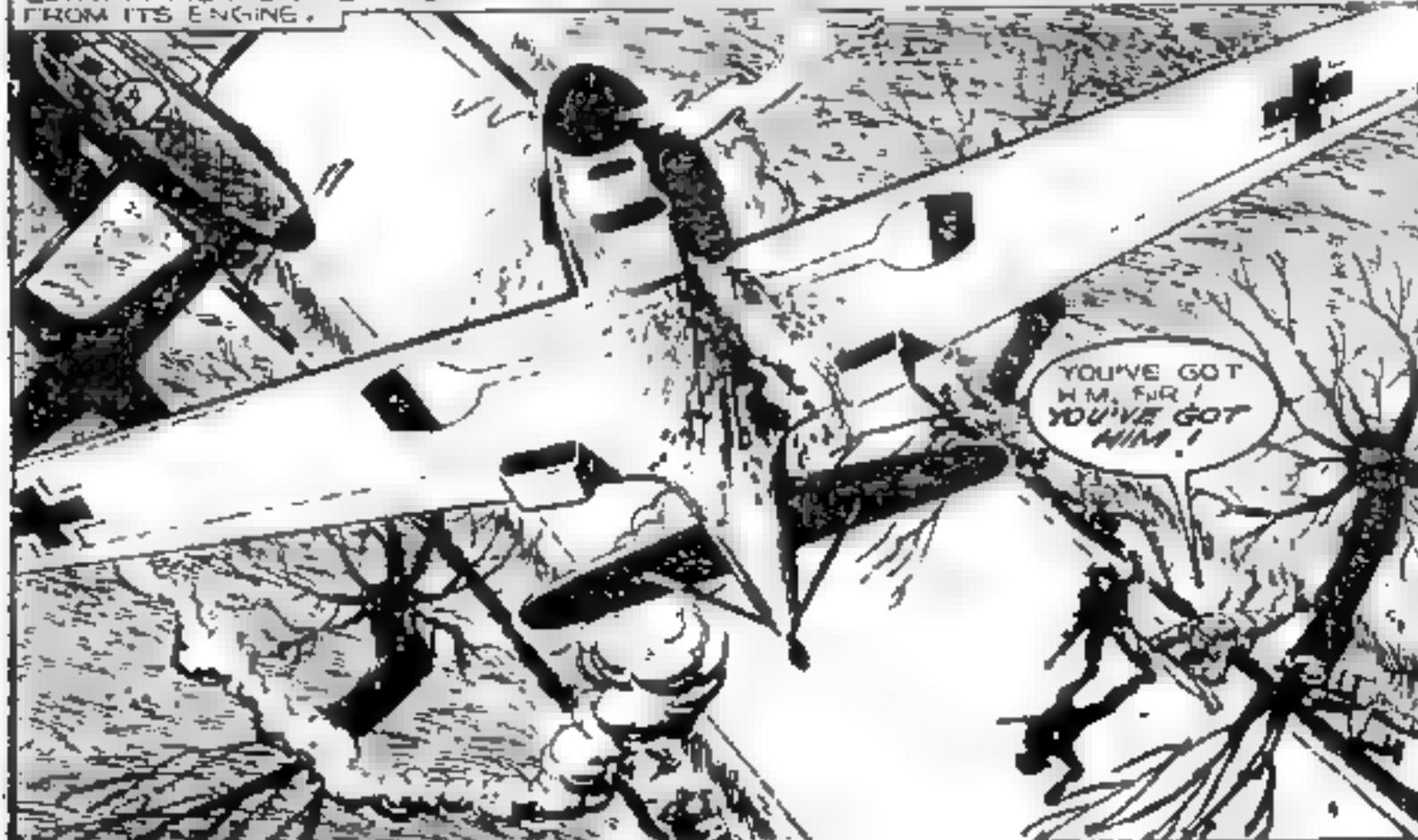
THE YOUNG SECOND-IN COMMAND OF THE GLENNSHIRE BORDERERS SPUNTED TO WHERE A BREW GUN LAY ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD BESIDE THE LIFELESS BODY OF ITS OWNER.



AS THE SECOND MESSERSCHMITT STREAKED ABOVE THE ROAD, MAJOR CURRAN'S FINGER CLAMPED AGAINST THE TRIGGER AND A STREAM OF LEADEN FURY SWEEP TO MEET IT.



THE BULLETS FROM THE BREN PUNCHED VIOLENTLY HOME AT THAT RANGE AND THE GERMAN FIGHTER REARED INTO A TORTURED CLIMB, SMOKE AND FLAME GUSHING FROM ITS ENGINES.



## Chain Of Command

THE CRIPPLED FIGHTER WAS RIPPED APART AS THE FUEL TANKS EXPLODED AND BURNING FUEL COUSHED OVER THE FIRST MESSERSCHMITT THAT IAN HIT IN HIS EFFORT TO MAKE ANOTHER AT TACK



BUT THE DEVASTATING RESULT OF MAJOR CURRAN'S SHOOTING HAD RESTORED CONFIDENCE AND CALM TO THE GLENSHIRES AND THE THIRD ENEMY FIGHTER SHUDDERED AS IT FLEW THROUGH A HAIL OF SMALL ARMS FIRE



# Chain Of Command

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THE LAST OF THE ENEMY FIGHTERS LIMPED AWAY,  
TO THE ACCOMPANIMENT OF CHEERS FROM THE  
PLUSHED AND EXCITED BORDERERS.



THEN MAJOR CURRAN SAW HIS GREY-HAIRED C.O. CLIMB STIFFLY OUT OF A DITCH, CLUTCHING HIS ARM WITH RED-SCREAMED FINGERS ...



## Chain Of Command

NEIL CURRAN RETURNED A FEW MINUTES LATER,  
TO FIND HIS CO. HELPING WITH THE WOUNDED.

IT'S PRETTY  
BAD, SR. TEN  
MEN DEAD AND  
NEARLY THIRTY  
WOUNDED!

FORTY CASUALTIES!  
I LET MY MEN DOWN  
TODAY, NEIL -- BUT I'VE  
LEARNED MY LESSON. IT  
WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN!



SEEING THE PAIN AND MISERY IN  
THE OLD MAN'S EYES, NEIL FELT  
HIS ANGER FEEB AWAY. HE TURNED  
HIS GAZE UPON THE GUNSHIRES  
CROUCHING BESIDE THE ROAD  
AND PEERING AT THE SKY WITH  
A NEW ALERTNESS

IT WAS A  
TOUGH LESSON,  
SR. BUT LOOK AT  
THE MEN NOW --  
THAT SCRAP WITH THE  
M. FERCHMOTT HAS  
TURNED THEM FROM  
FRESH TROOPS INTO  
SIGHTING FALIN

BUT THEY'VE SO  
MUCH MORE TO  
LEARN -- ALL OF  
US HAVE .



## Chain Of Command

ABRUPTLY, COLONEL FRASER'S BLUE EYES LIFTED AND GAZED LEVELLY INTO THOSE OF HIS SECOND IN COMMAND ..

NEIL, GIVE ME A FRANK ANSWER. DO YOU THINK I'M TOO OLD TO TAKE THESE LAOS INTO BATTLE? DO YOU THINK MY REACTIONS WILL BE TOO SLOW? SHOULD I SWALLOW MY PRIDE AND TURN OVER MY COMMAND TO A YOUNGER MAN? TELL ME, NEIL. WHAT DO YOU THINK?



NEIL CURRAN KNEW THAT IF HE SPOKE THE BLUNT TRUTH IT WOULD BE THE SAME AS STABBING A KNIFE IN THE HEART OF A MAN HE HAD GROWN TO LOVE AS A FATHER.

I KNOW THIS, SIR. THAT NO COMMANDING OFFICER CAN THINK MORE OF HIS MEN THAN YOU DO AS TO THE OTHER QUESTION -- WELL, YOU HAVEN'T HAD THE CHANCE YET TO PROVE ANYTHING EITHER WAY. I -- THINK YOU SHOULD CONTINUE TO COMMAND, COLONEL

THANK YOU, NEIL. NOW WE'LL FORGET THAT CONVERSATION. WE'LL DO A LOT TO DO



AS THE OLD MAN STRODE AWAY, MAJOR NEIL CURRAN CURSED HIMSELF FOR A WEAKLING AND A COWARD.

NOW THEN, I SAY, THOSE WHO AREN'T WITH US TURN INTO TWO SINGLE COLUMNS ONE ON EACH SIDE OF THE ROAD. LET'S DO THIS RIGHT FROM HERE ON.

IT WASN'T FAIR TO PUT IT TO ME LIKE THAT HOW COULD I TELL HIM WHAT I REALLY THINK? IT WOULD HAVE DESTROYED HIM



# Chain Of Command

IT WAS NIGHT WHEN THE GLENSHIRE BORDERERS FILED SILENTLY INTO THEIR POSITIONS. A YOUNG LIEUTENANT FROM FIELD HQ HAD BEEN WAITING TO GUIDE THEM IN.

THE G.O.C. WANTS  
A SENIOR OFFICER  
TO REPORT TO HIM  
IMMEDIATELY YOUR  
UNIT'S IN POSITION,  
SIR.

IN THE MOONLIGHT NEIL CURRAN SAW THAT THE COLONEL'S FACE WAS PALE AND STRAINED. HIS LEFT ARM DANGED STIFFLY BY HIS SIDE.

YOU'D BETTER GO,  
NEIL. THIS WOUND IS  
PLAYING ME JIG A BIT  
NOW, AND I DON'T WANT  
TO MAKE ANY BAD  
IMPRESSIONS. YOU  
UNDERSTAND, DON'T  
YOU?

YES, I SEE, SIR.  
BE SURE TO GET  
THAT ARM TREATED  
RIGHT AWAY. YOU'VE  
GOED TO TAKE CARE  
OF YOURSELF AS  
WELL AS THE  
MAN.



# Chapter 2. The Battle Begins

THE YOUNG LIEUTENANT DROVE MR. CURRAN IN HIS JEEP TO A HEAVILY GUARDED OUT-OF-COMMAND POST IN THE CENTRE OF A THICK WOOD.



GENERAL CAMPBELL WAS WELL INTO HIS FIFTIES -- BUT HIS KEEN BRAIN AND PIERCING EYES MADE THOSE OF A MAN UNTOUCHED BY AGE . . .

MAJOR CURRAN REPORTING, SIR,  
SECOND IN COMMAND  
OF THE THIRD  
GLENNSHIRE'S . . .

MAJOR CURRAN: WHEN I SENT FOR THE SENIOR OFFICER, I EXPECTED YOUR R. O. WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH . . .



# Chain Of Command

THE G.O.C. BROKE OFF IN TWO SENTENCES  
AS THE FIELD TELEPHONE BEHIND HIM  
BUZZED MARSHALLY.

YES WHAT IS IT?  
WHAT'S THAT?  
WE'RE GOING TO  
CALL UP A MAN.  
A FRENCH MAN.



THE GENERAL MADE SURE HE WAS ALONE AND THEN HE TALKED TO THE CHIEF OF STAFF.

IT WASN'T SO  
BUT THE ENEMY DO  
FIGHTS I SAW A  
B-57 WITH THEIR BACKS  
TO THE GROUND IN  
THE JEWELRY. OUR PROFOUND  
FAITH IN MAN MADE THIS  
HEAVY-LINE LIGHTLY  
TAKEN. I WITNESS THIS,  
MAN IN THE THICKS  
WELL OUT IN

THAT'S RIGHT  
I TALKED TO  
THE ANGLO-AMERICAN  
WHICH I LIKED THEM  
FOR, SHE



WHAT'S THE ANSWER,  
SIR? A FRONTAL  
ATTACK TOGETHER WITH  
AN AIRBORNE DROP ON  
THE OTHER SIDE OF  
THEIR DEFENCE LINE?

G.M.Q. WILL DECIDE  
THAT. WHAT WE HAVE  
TO WORRY ABOUT IS OUR  
BIT OF THE REICHSWALD  
FOREST. IT'LL BE THE VERY  
DEVIL TO FLUSH THE HUN  
OUT OF THERE. TANKS WILL  
BE PRETTY WELL QUALLLED  
NO, THIS IS GOING TO BE  
AN INFANTRYMAN'S BATTLE.  
AND THE SOONER WE  
LAUNCH IT THE BETTER.



THEN GENERAL CAMPBELL'S EYES FELL  
UPON NELL CURRAN, S.T. L. STANDING TO  
ATTENTION BEFORE HIM...

COLONEL  
ANGUS FRASER  
SIR.

WELL, MAJOR CURRAN,  
YOU HAD BETTER HURRY  
BACK TO YOUR C.O. AND TELL  
HIM TO PREPARE FOR AN ATTACK  
AT DAWN TOMORROW. I'LL HAVE  
THE FULL ORDERS DELIVERED TO  
HIM IN AN HOUR OR SO. BY THE  
WAY, WHO DOES COMMAND THE  
THIRD GLENSHANE? I DON'T  
TAKE NOTE OF HIS NAME.



22 Chain Of Command

GENERAL CAMPBELL GAVE AN INCREDULOUS GASP ...

ANGUS FRASER!  
DOES HE ~~STILL~~  
COMMAND? I THOUGHT  
HE'D RETIRED---LONG  
AGO! IT CAN'T BE  
THE SAME MAN!

COLONEL FRASER HAS  
BEEN CO. OF THE REGIMENT  
FOR OVER TWENTY YEARS,  
SIR SO IT MUST BE THE  
SAME MAN.



SILENCE FELL AS THE G.O.C. TUGGED SCOWLINGLY AT HIS BONY JAW AND GLARED  
AT THE YOUNG GLENSHIRE OFFICER THEN.

I KNOW COLONEL FRASER  
HE'S A DECENT FELLOW--  
AND AS A MAN I LIKE HIM  
BUT HE IS OLD NOW! I CAN'T  
LET AN OLD MAN LEAD MEN  
INTO THE REICHSWALD FOREST.  
IT'LL BE MURKIER. HE'S GOT  
TO BE REPLACED --  
AT ONCE!

BUT, GENERAL, IF  
WE'VE TO AT TACK  
TOMORROW, WE NEED  
THE GLENSHIRES! WHO  
CAN WE FIND AT SUCH  
SHORT NOTICE TO RELIEVE  
HIM? WE CAN'T GIVE  
COMMAND TO A MAN WHO  
DOESN'T EVEN KNOW  
THE NAMES OF THE  
MEN UNDER HIM!



GENERAL CAMPBELL'S REPLY WAS CURT AND FINAL --  
AND HE ADDRESSED IT TO MAJOR NEIL CURRAN

I KNOW THAT, AND  
I'VE ALREADY  
DECIDED WHO'LL TAKE  
OVER FROM ANGUS  
FRASER. YOU, MAJOR  
CURRAN, AS FROM NOW,  
YOU ARE COMMANDING  
OFFICER OF THE THIRD  
GLENSHIRE BORDERERS.  
I UNDERSTAND MEN —  
YOU'RE THE RIGHT  
MAN FOR THE JOB!

ME,  
SIR!  
BUT  
BUT ...?

THE GENERAL PAID NO HEED AT ALL TO  
NEIL CURRAN'S STAMMERING WORDS ...

HAVE A DOCUMENT  
MADE OUT  
IMMEDIATELY TO THE  
EFFECT THAT MAJOR  
NEIL CURRAN IS PROMOTED  
TO LIEUTENANT-COLONEL  
AND IS TO COMMAND THIS  
THIRD GLENSHIRE'S AS  
FROM THIS MOMENT  
CURRAN CAN DELIVER  
THE PAPER TO ANGUS  
FRASER HIMSELF.

YES, SIR.  
I'LL SEE TO  
IT AT ONCE.

WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD, GENERAL CAMPBELL STALKED OUT OF THE DUGOUT

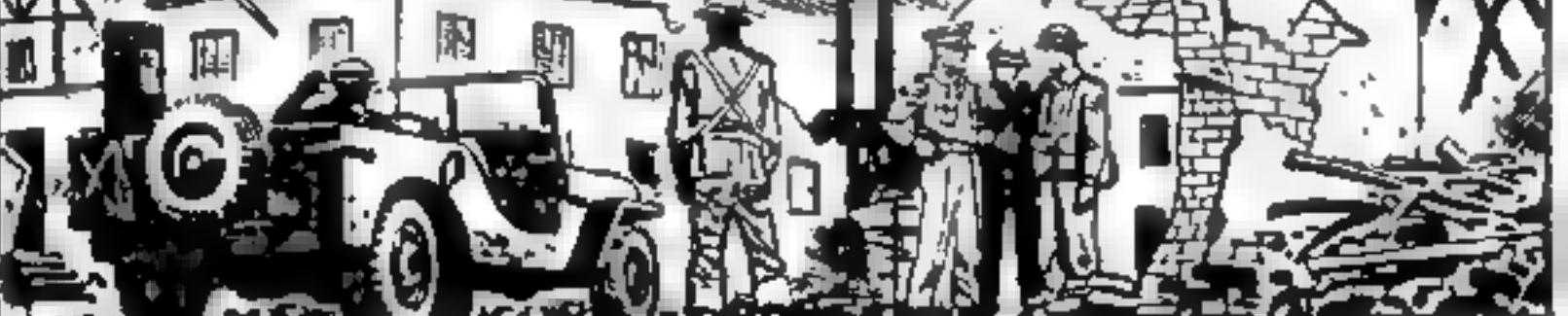
CONGRATULATIONS,  
MAJOR -- I MEAN  
COLONEL CURRAN

BUT HOW CAN  
I BRING MYSELF  
TO TELL HIM? HOW  
CAN I FACE  
HIM?

CARRYING THE DOCUMENT WHICH MEANT SO MUCH TO HIS ARMY CAREER, AND THE END TO COLONEL FRASER'S, NEIL CURRAN WAS DRIVEN BACK TO WHAT WAS NOW HIS REGIMENT

THERE HE IS  
IT'S GOT  
TO TELL  
HIM NOW.

GOOD  
LUCK,  
SIR!



COLONEL FRASER LOOKED UP EAGERLY AS NEIL CURRAN APPROACHED.

"AH, THERE YOU ARE MR. WHAT DID YOU THINK OF GENERAL CAMPBELL'S RECENT SPITFIRE? EH? I KNEW HIM A LONG TIME AND WE WERE BOTH CAPTAINS THEN BUT HE'S GONE LEFT ME BEHIND."

COLONEL  
FRASER  
SR  
-----

AMK

L  
S  
:



"I KNOW IT'S PRETTY SLOW OF ME, MR. CURRAN, BUT I'D REALLY LIKE TO SHOW OLD CAMPBELL THAT I CAN DO A GOOD JOB TOO. I WANT TO SHOW HIM THAT ALTHOUGH I MAY NOT HAVE BRAVOUR ENOUGH TO BECOME TOP PILOTS, I CAN LEAD MEN INTO BATTLE."



"THE OLD MAN GAVE A WRY SMILE."

"ONCE INN  
PIRATES, MYSELF,  
HE'S GOING  
TO RETIRE WELL.  
WE'LL SOON KNOW.  
LADY, WE'RE  
BOUND TO  
ATTACK SOON!"

"WE -- ARE  
SO THE GENERAL  
WANTS US TO GET  
THE MEN IN  
READINESS. HE'LL  
LET US KNOW IN  
ORDERS LATER  
TODAY."



AS HE STARTED AFTER THE STRAIGHT-BACKED FIGURE OF THE OLD SOLDIER, NEIL CURRAN KNEW SUDDENLY WHAT HE MUST DO.

"IN THAT CASE, I'LL MAKE THE ROUNDS OF THE PLATOON LEADERS. YOU GET YOURSELF A BITE TO EAT AND JOIN ME LATER."

"I'M NOT GOING TO TAKE THAT CHANCE AWAY FROM HIM. I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENS TO MY OWN CAR MEN, AND I'M GOING TO DO THIS TO HIM."



ONE THING HAD TO BE DONE IMMEDIATELY -- THE SIGNALS SERGEANT HAD TO BE TOLD OF NEIL CURRAN'S PLANS.

"FORGIVE ME, SIR, BUT I HOPE YOU REALIZE WHAT YOU ARE LETTING YOURSELF IN FOR. G.H.Q. IS BOUND TO FIND OUT."

"I KNOW THAT, SERGEANT, BUT I'M GOING THROUGH WITH IT. WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO . . . IS TO MAKE SURE THAT COLONEL FRASER NEVER CONTACTS G.H.Q. HIMSELF! ONLY ME!"

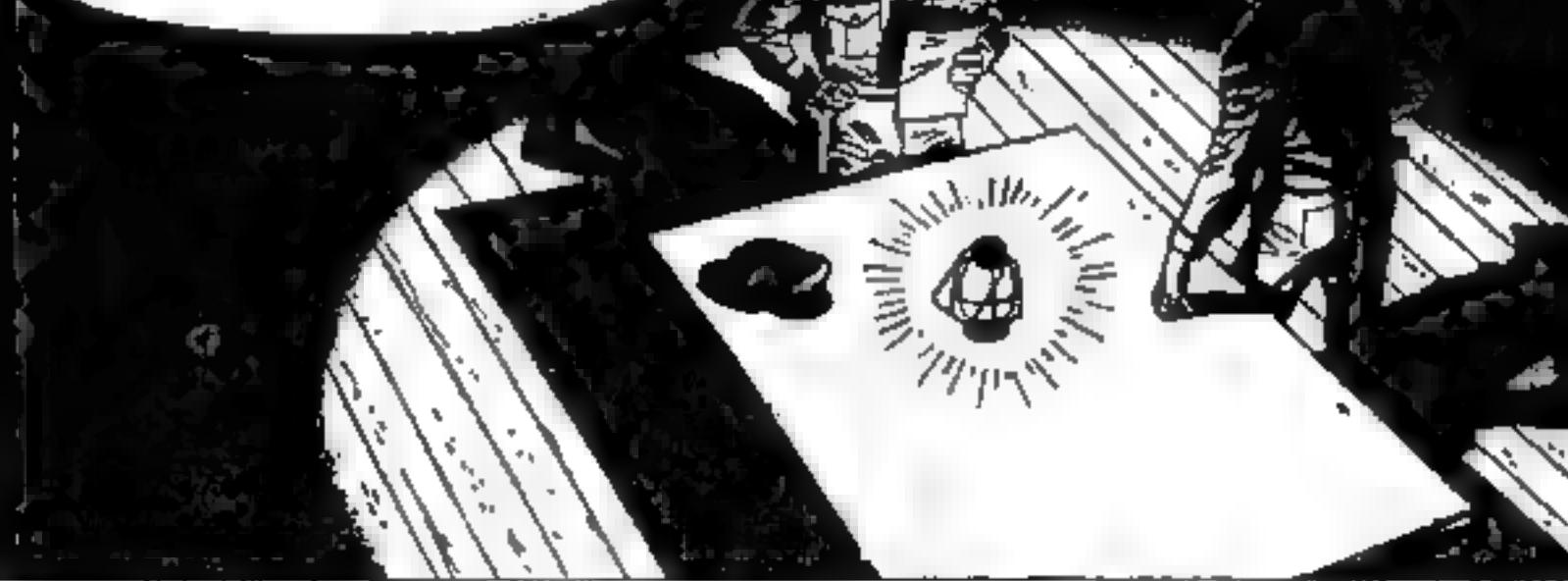


# Chain Of Command

TWO HOURS LATER, A DISPATCH RIDER BROUGHT THE DETAILS OF THE ATTACK FROM GENERAL CAMPBELL

OUR BIG GUNS WILL LAY DOWN A HEAVY BARRAGE ON THE REICHSWALD AT 0-FOUR THIRTY HOURS. WE GO IN ONE HOUR LATER AND MAKE EVERY EFFORT TO ESTABLISH OURSELVES ON A HILL ABOUT A MILE INSIDE THE FOREST. THEY'VE GIVEN US A MAP REFERENCE, SO WE SHOULDN'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE FINDING IT!

FINDING THE HILL IS ONE THING, SIR. TAKING THE HILL IS ANOTHER. BUT WE'LL DO OUR UTMOST.



COLONEL FRAZER NODDED ASSENTLY, THEN FROWNED AGAIN AT THE ORDERS...

YES, WE CAN ONLY DO OUR BEST, NEIL! - HAH! O--- I'VE JUST NOTICED THESE ORDERS ARE MADE OUT TO LIEUTENANT-COLONEL NEIL CURRAN, COMMANDING OFFICER OF THE GLENNSHIRE BORDERERS

OBVIOUSLY A CLERK'S ERROR, SIR. I SUPPOSE IT WAS BECAUSE I REPORTED TO GENERAL CAMPBELL INSTEAD OF YOU. IT'S EASY TO SEE HOW IT HAPPENED. HADN'T WE BETTER GET TO MORE IMPORTANT THINGS NOW, SIR?



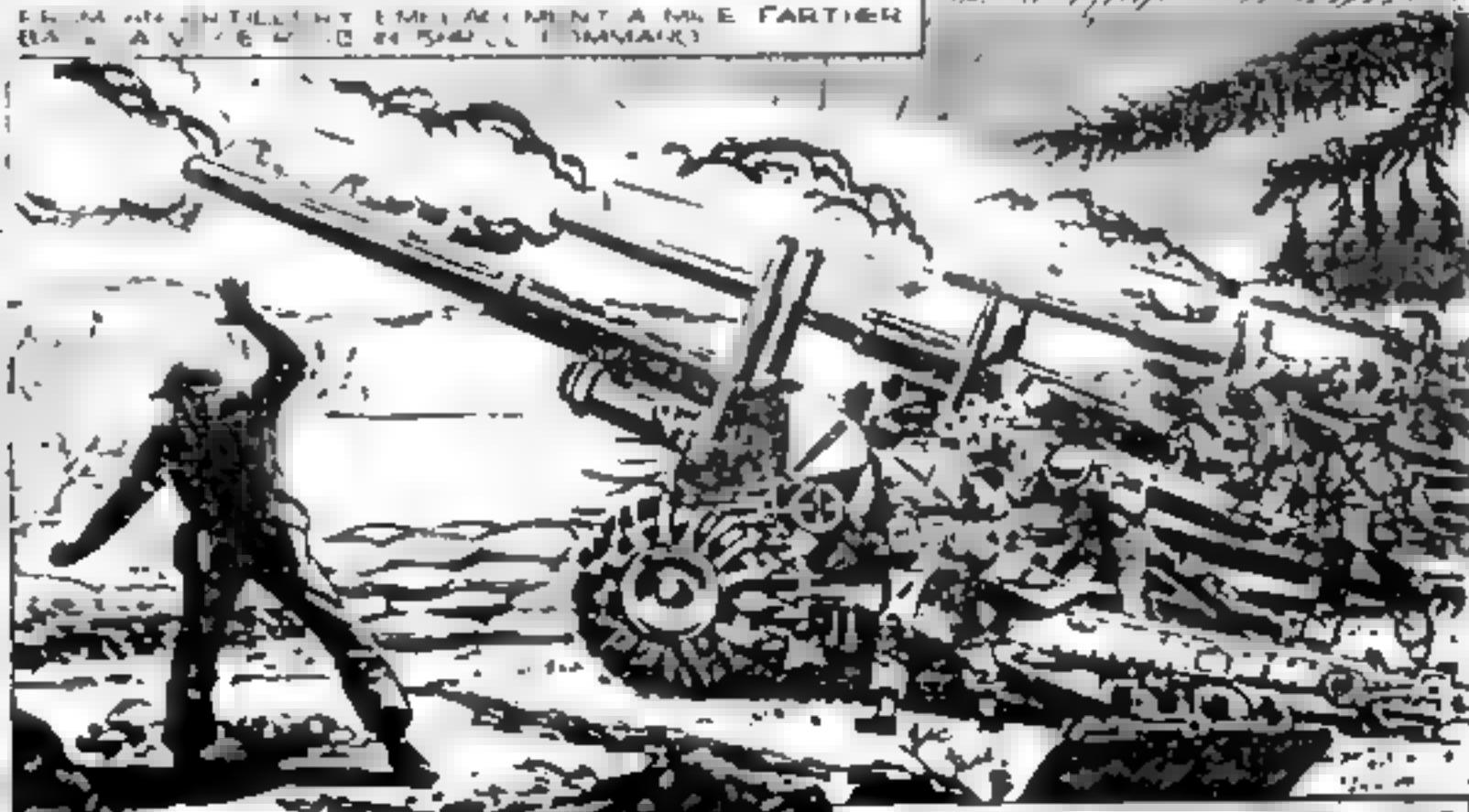
WITH THAT SMALL LIE, NEIL CURRAN'S PLAN OF DECEPTION WAS SET IN OPERATION.

0420 HOURS. IN THE SILENT LANE OF THE FORT, DOWN THE GLENNSIDE, BRONELERS PEERED AT THE DARK MASS IN THE WESTWARD TOWEL. THEN BATTLE STRATEGY HAD BEEN DECIDED-- AND NOW IT WAITED FOR THE FIRST IMAGE OF HE ATACK THE GUN.

ONE  
MINUTE  
TO ZERO.  
GO



FROM THE TWILIGHT EMPLACEMENT A MAN FARTHER ON AVENUE C IN BATTLE OF VERDUN



AND WITH A HIDEOUS CRASH, FIELD GUN BROKE, HERALDING THE OPENING OF A BATTLE THAT WAS TO LAST FOR THREE TERRIBLE WEEKS.

FROM BEHIND THEIR COVER, THE GLENSHIRES WATCHED THE BARRAGE TEAR AND SHATTER THE FRINGES OF THE FOREST. THEN COLONEL FRASER GLANCED AT HIS WATCH.

TWO MINUTES TO GO. NIL AS WE AGREED, 'A' SECTION WILL SPEARHEAD THE ADVANCE. 'B' AND 'C' SECTIONS COVERING THEIR FLANKS

I'VE JUST CHECKED, SIR. THEY'RE ALL READY IN POSITION



ABRUPTLY THE BARRAGE STOPPED AND THE GLENSHIRES BEGAN THEIR ASSAULT ON THE RHICHTHAL FOREST.

NOT A SOUND FROM THE JERRIES. MAYBE OUR BIG GUNS CHANGED THEIR MINDS ABOUT HOLDING OUT!

I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT PETE BUT TO ME IT SEEMS TOO BLOOMING QUIET!



THEN, FROM DUG-IN POSITIONS ALONG THE EDGE OF THE FOREST, SPANDAU'S BEGAN THEIR SHRELL CLAMOUR OF HATE, HURLING A HAIL OF LEAD INTO THE RANKS OF THE ADVANCING GLENSHIRES.



THE BRITISH BARRAGE HAD BEEN SEVERE  
BUT THE ENEMY DEFENCE LINE WAS FAR  
FROM BROKEN.

CAUGHT OUT IN THE OPEN GROUND, THE  
GLENSHIRES' ADVANCE FALTERED AGAINST  
THAT TERRIBLE CURTAIN OF STEEL.  
JACKETED DEATH.

THEY'RE  
CUTTING US  
TO PIECES!



IT WAS MUS CURRAN WHO PREVENTED PANIC TURNING THE ADVANCE INTO A FEAR-CRAZED RETREAT. HIS VOICE HANG OUT ABOVE THE CLAMOUR OF MACHINE-GUN FIRE, URGING THEM ONWARD.

KEEP GOING,  
MEN! IT'S TOO LATE  
TO TURN BACK! KEEP  
GOING! IT'S OUR  
ONLY CHANCE!



THE SPEARHEAD SECTION OF THE  
GRENADIERS FOLLOWED THE  
YOUNG OFFICER IN A DESPERATE  
DASH FOR THE SHELL-SPLITTERED  
TRAIL AT THE FRONTS OF THE  
FOREST.



**Chain Of Command**

SOBING FOR BREATH, THE GLENSHIRES GRATEFULLY HUDDLED BEHIND SHELTERING TREES -- BUT STILL THE AIR HISSED AND CRACKLED UNDER THE FURY OF GERMAN FIRE



AGAIN THE YOUNG OFFICER'S COMMAND RANG OUT ABOVE THE DIN OF BAT II, AND AGAIN THE GLENSHIRES ROSE TO FOLLOW HIM



THE SHRILL YAWNING OF SPANDAU'S GREW LOUDER AND MORE FRANTIC AS KHAKI CLAD FIGURES CONTINUED TO ADVANCE BUT NOW THE GLENSHIRES COULD SEE THE MEN THEY WERE FIGHTING AGAINST -- AND FIERCE DETERMINATION TOOK THE PLACE OF FEAR.

GIVE IT  
TO 'EM,  
LAUS!

TAKE SOME OF  
YOUR OWN MED'INE  
JERRY!



Chain Of Command

THE LINE OF MACHINE-GUN NESTS HAD BEEN OVER RUN, BUT IT WAS ONLY A TEMPORARY VICTORY. THEN  
OUT OF THE GERMAN DEFENCES FROM FARTHER INWARD THE STORM CAME. THIS TIME  
CAME THE EAR-SPLITTING CRACK UP AN EVEN MORE DEADLY MENACE



# Chain Of Command

15

AS THE MENACING MUZZLE OF THE MACHINE-GUN SWUNG FRANTICALLY TOWARDS HIM, NEIL CURRAN FLUNG HIMSELF TO ONE SIDE -- AND HIS ARM SWUNG IN AN ARC AS HE HURLED A GRENADE



THE GRENADE EXPLODED AMIDST THE GERMANS AND THE SPANDAU SPUTTERED INTO SILENCE. THE FATE OF THE CREW OF THE 88 M.M. WAS SEALED



## Chain Of Command

SAYING FROM FURTHER SHELL-FIRE BY THE PROMPT ACTION OF NEIL CURRAN AND HIS MEN, THE REMAINDER OF THE OLE HORNIES REACHED THE FRINGE OF THE REICHSWALD.

TILL WE JOIN UP WITH "A" SECTION!



COLONEL SPOLEH AND THE MEN WITH HIM WERE FORCED TO FIND COVER. IT WAS THEN THAT NEIL REJOINED THEM.

BUT FROM THE LEFT OF THE WOODS ENEMY MACHINE-GUNS AND RIFLES STILL KEPT UP A HARSH AND UNCEASING FIRE

HELLO, NEIL. WE'VE STOLEN UP A REAL HORNET'S NEST, EH? HOW DID YOUR SECTION MAKE OUT?

I'M AFRAID WE LOST QUITE A FEW MEN, SIR. BUT THE LADS HAVE PROVED MORE THAN A MATCH FOR THE GERMANS SO FAR!



# Chain Of Command

INSTINCTIVELY, THE OLDER MAN DUCKED AS A FRESH RUMMAGE OF TRACER SPLINTERED THE TREES JUST ABOVE HIM. NEIL CUNNICK EYES HIM ANXIOUSLY.

I KNOW, SIR. WE'VE GOT TO TAKE THE HILL. WE'LL GIVE THE LAWS A LITTLE MORE TIME TO CATCH THEIR BREATHS... THEN WE'LL GO IN AGAIN.

IT'S BAD ENOUGH HERE, SIR, BUT WE MIGHT GET OUR ODDS UP.



THEN, ABRUPTLY, THE HAMMERING OF THE GERMAN GUNS CEASED. THE GLENSHINE'S FOLDED TENT UNFOLDED IN THE JUNGLE'S SHADOWS, PLEADING VAINLY INTO THE DARK SHADOWS OF THE FOREST.

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, NEIL? THEY HAVEN'T FIRED A GUN, E SHOT IN FIVE MINUTES!

JUST DON'T KNOW SIR. MAYBE THEY'VE HAD ENOUGH. BUT SOMEHOW I DON'T THINK SO. THE ONLY THING IS TO GO IN AND FIND OUT.



38 Chain Of Command

AS THE GLENSHIRES CAUTIOUSLY MOVED ON DEEPER INTO THE FOREST, A GERMAN OFFICER LOWERED HIS FIELD GLASSES WITH A GRIN OF SATISFACTION.

HERE THEY COME! LIKE SHEEP TO THE SLAUGHTER! RIGHT, HERLICH -- GIVE THE FIRE ORDER.

JAWOHL, HERR HAUPTMANN! ENEMY IN POSITION! FEUER!



FOUR HUNDRED YARDS BACK, A BATTERY OF ENEMY MORTARS TRIGGERED OFF WITH A DEAFENING ROAR -- HURLING THEIR MOANING LETHAL CHARGES IN A LONG ARC ABOVE THE TREE TOPS.



## Chain Of Command

THE NOISE OF THE BOMBS' FLIGHT ROSE TO A HOWL AS THEY DESCENDED — THEN THE FOREST ABOUT THE GLENSHIRES ROCKED AND SPLINTERED IN AN INFERO OF FLAME, SMOKE AND SCREAMING SHRAPNEL.



FRANTICALLY, THE INFANTRYMEN HUGGED THE EARTH, BUT THERE WAS NO MUTILATION FROM THE DESTRUCTION THAT RAINED DOWN UPON THEM.



FOR APART FROM STEEL SHRAPNEL, DEATH CAME FROM THE TREE SPLINTERS WHICH WERE SENT FLYING THROUGH THE AIR WITH TERRIBLE FORCE.

## Chain Of Command

THERE WAS AGONY IN COLONEL FRASER'S EYES AS HE LOOKED ABOUT HIM -- NOT BROUGHT ON BY PERSONAL FEAR BUT BY THE SIGHT OF THE HAVOC WRECKED AMONG HIS MEN.

COMMAND CAN'T HAVE KNOWN THE GERMANS WOULD BE SO STRONG. THEY'RE OBVIOUSLY GOING TO THROW IN EVERYTHING THEY'VE GOT TO STOP US CROSSING THE RHINE. CAN GENERAL CAMPBELL STILL EXPECT ME TO TRY TO REACH OUR OBJECTIVE?

WE CAN TRY, SIR. I DOUBT IF MORE THAN A HANDFUL OF US WOULD GET THROUGH. I THINK THE GENERAL SHOULD BE TOLD WHAT WE ARE UP AGAINST. MAYBE HE'LL DECIDE TO PULL HIS BACK AND SHELL THE FOREST AGAIN BEFORE WE HAVE ANOTHER TRY!



IN GENERAL CAMPBELL'S COMMAND POST, A TENSE SIGNALLER SWUNG ROUND FROM THE RADIO...

RED SECTOR. ON THE RADIO. THE C.O. WANTS TO REPORT TO YOU PERSONALLY, SIR.

RED SECTOR? THAT'S THE GLENSHIRES -- YOUNG CURRAN! CAN HE HAVE REACHED THE OBJECTIVE ALREADY? OR HAS HE STUMBLLED INTO A SOLID WALL OF HUN -- JUST AS IN THE OTHER SECTORS?



GENERAL CAMPBELL LISTENED INTENTLY TO THE FAINT, CRACKLING VOICE AT THE OTHER END OF THE FIELD RADIO. HIS REPLY WAS CURT AND SEEMINGLY EMOTIONLESS ...

I KNOW WHAT IT MUST BE LIKE FOR YOU OUT THERE, RED SEC FOR. BUT I CAN'T DRAW BACK. YOU'VE GOT TO KEEP TRYING FOR YOUR OBJECTIVE. REPEAT, YOU MUST ATTACK, AND KEEP ON ATTACKING UNTIL YOU TAKE IT!



GOING BY YOUR REPLY, SIR, I GATHER THE GLENSHIRES ARE IN FOR A BAD TIME.

YES, BUT IF WE CAN HOLD A CLEAR LINE TO THAT HILL WE STAND A GOOD CHANCE OF BREAKING UP THE GERMAN'S DEFENCE LINE. THOUSANDS OF OUR MEN'S LIVES WILL BE SAVED IF THE GLENSHIRES CAN DO WHAT I ASK!



GENERAL CAMPBELL PAUSED SEEING IN HIS MIND THE YOUNG OFFICER HE HAD SO RECENTLY PROMOTED TO COLONEL. THEN, WITH SUDDEN HELPLESS FURY, HE CRASHED HIS FIST DOWN ON THE TABLE.

IF ONLY I HAD ANOTHER BATTLE-EXPERIENCED REGIMENT I COULD SEND IN THEIR PLACE. IF YOU COULD HAVE HEARD YOUNG CORRAN. HIS VOICE, IT SOUNDED SO DIFFERENT—*LIKE AN OLD MAN!*



## Chapter 3. No Retreat

IN THE REICHSWALD FOREST, COLONEL FRASER LOOKED GRIMLY AT NEIL CURRAN ...

WE'VE GOT TO GO ON, NEIL. THERE'S NO TURNING BACK!

THEN, FOR THE MEN'S SAKE, I'VE GOT TO CALL A HALT TO THIS DECEPTION. I'VE GOT TO TELL HIM THAT I'M REALLY IN COMMAND IF GENERAL CAMPBELL'S RIGHT. IF HE'S REALLY TOO OLD TO COMMAND, THEN I'M PLAYING WITH THE MEN'S LIVES! I MUST TELL HIM — NOW!



BUT BEFORE NEIL CURRAN COULD SPEAK, COLONEL FRASER GAVE A SUDDEN START — AND PULLED THE MAP OF THE AREA FROM HIS POCKET ...

WAIT A MINUTE, NEIL. THERE MIGHT BE A WAY WE CAN GET TO THAT HILL — AND CUT DOWN OUR CASUAL TIES! LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THAT MAP

MISTER, THERE IS SOMETHING I MUST TELL YOU



BUT COLONEL FRASER DID NOT EVEN HEAR NEIL CURRAN SPEAK. HIS EYES WERE KEENLY SEARCHING THE MAP, AND HIS VOICE HELD A NEW NOTE OF STRENTH AND CONFIDENCE.

PUT YOURSELF IN THE MIND OF THE ENEMY COMMANDER. YOU WOULD CERTAINLY DECIDE, AS HE HAS DONE, THAT THE HILL WILL BE A MAIN OBJECTIVE. RIGHT, NEIL?

OF COURSE, SIR. THAT'S WHY HE'S BUILT UP SUCH A STRONG DEFENCE HERE!

COLONEL FRASER'S FINGER STABBED DOWN AT A POINT ON THE MAP ...

WELL, I'M GOING TO TAKE A SECTION FARTHER DOWN THE FOREST AND ATTACK AT ANOTHER POINT. AS IF OUR OBJECTIVE WERE THIS FARMHOUSE THAT'S MARKED ON THE MAP. WE'LL SLIP DOWN THERE UNDER COVER OF ALL THIS SMOKE -- THEN ATTACK WITH AS MUCH NOISE AS WE CAN.

YOU MEAN YOU'LL TRY TO DRAW THE ENEMY AWAY FROM THIS SECTION?

EXACTLY! I'LL COMMAND THE DECOY ASSAULT. YOU GIVE ME ONE HOUR, THEN LEAD THE REST OF THE MEN IN ANOTHER ATTACK ON THAT HILL.

BUT YOUR SIDE OF THE PLAN WILL BE TOO DANGEROUS, SIR. YOU'LL BE UNDERSTRENGTH! WHAT IF THE GERMANS COUNTER ATTACK AGAINST YOU?

THE GREY-HAIRED OFFICER SMILED.

I'LL HAVE TO TAKE THAT RISK, NEIL. BUT YOU'RE THE ONLY MAN TO TAKE IN THE REAL ASSAULT. I'VE GOT AN OLD HEAD ON MY SHOULDERS - BUT A, READY I'M BEGINNING TO REALIZE THAT I'M PAST FORTY. DIGGING THROUGH FORTY-FIVE, MAYBE THIS IS A YOUNG MAN'S WAR, AFTER ALL.

A FEW MINUTES LATER, COLONEL FRASER AND HIS MEN BEGAN TO SLIP QUIETLY AWAY -- HIDDEN BY THE SMOKE FROM THE BURNING TREES.

GOOD LUCK, SIR!

AND GOOD LUCK TO YOU AND YOUR MEN, NEIL. I KNOW YOU'LL DO YOUR UTMOST TO TAKE THAT HILL.

NEIL CURRAN AND THE REMAINDER OF THE GLENSHIRES KEPT UP A STEADY FIRE AGAINST THE GERMANS. THEN, FROM THEIR LEFT FLANK, CAME THE SUDDEN CRASH OF BREW GUNS, RIFLES AND EXPLODING GRENADES.

COLONEL FRAZER,  
AND THE REST OF  
THE BLOKES ARE  
KICKING UP A HECK  
OF A RACKET,  
SIR!

THAT'S THE WHOLE  
IDEA, SERGEANT.  
THEY'RE TRYING TO  
KEEP THE JERRIES  
BUSY!



AT THAT MOMENT COLONEL FRAZER RAFFED HIMSELF FROM BEHIND COVER. HIS EYES GLANCED PROUDLY OVER THE TENSE, WAITING GLENSHIRES.

THIS IS IT, LADS!  
WE'VE GOT TO MAKE  
THINGS AS HOT FOR  
JERRY AS WE CAN!



YELLING HOARSLY, FIRING AS THEY RAN, THE DECOY SECTION CHARGED THROUGH THE SMOKE-FILLED FOREST TOWARDS THE GERMAN POSITIONS



AS COLONEL FRASER'S MEN RUSHED FROM COVER, A GERMAN OFFICER SHOUTED OUT ORDERS

THE BRITISHERS ARE ATTACKING FIRE & DRIVE THEM BACK



# Chain Of Command

FROM ALL ALONG THE GERMAN ENTRENCHMENTS, GUN-FLAME STABBED TOWARDS THE ATTACKING GLENSHIRES' COLONEL, FRASER SAW HIS MEN FLINCH AND FALTER...



THE GLENSHIRES WHO SURVIVED THAT SHORT, MURDEROUS DASH THROUGH THE FOREST KNEW THAT IT WAS ONLY THE FEARLESS GALLANTRY OF COLONEL FRASER THAT HAD GIVEN THEM THE COURAGE TO CONTINUE. BUT, SOMEHOW, THEY REACHED THE FIRST OF THE GERMAN DEFENCE LINES ...



## Chain Of Command

WHILE HIS MEN MOVED UP THE GERMANS THAT STILL RESISTED, COLONEL FRASER LEANED WEAKLY AGAINST THE PARAPET, HIS CHEST HEAVING WITH EXHAUSTION



BUT THAT TERRIBLE ORDEAL OF FIRE HAS NOT BEEN IN VAIN. COLONEL FRASER'S DECOY PLAN HAD BEGIN TO WORK



# Chain Of Command

THE ENEMY GENERAL CAME TO THE VERY CONCLUSION COLONEL FRASER HAD HOPED FOR.

THEN THE BRITISH MUST HAVE LEARNED I WAS USING THE FARMHOUSE AS MY FIELD HEADQUARTERS. THEIR ATTACK TOWARDS THE HILL WAS ONLY A FEINT.

FRANTIC ORDERS WERE PASSED TO THE SAME ENEMY MORTAR BATTERY THAT HAD GHOUL DOWN THE GLENSHIRES' FAST ATTACK.

THE BRITISH ARE ATTEMPTING THEIR MAIN BREAK THROUGH TO OUR HIGH FA.  
CHANGE YOUR TARGET IMMEDIATELY.

50 Chain Of Command

A MINUTE LATER, THE FURY OF THE ENEMY MORTAR BARRAGE RAINED DOWN UPON COLONEL FRASER'S GALLANT FORCE COWERING IN THEIR CAPTURED TRENCH.



AT ANOTHER POINT IN THE REICHSWALD, NEIL CURRAN'S MEN HEARD THE DISTANT EXPLOSIONS AS MORTAR BOMBS POURED DOWN UPON THEIR COMRADES' POSITION.

THEY'RE TAKING THAT POUNDING SO THAT WE CAN CAPTURE THAT HILL IN FRONT OF US ! IT'S UP TO US TO MAKE SURE THEIR COURAGE ISN'T WASTED !

THE JERRIES ARE CHUCKING EVERYTHING AT THEM, BAR ! IT MUST BE SHEER MURDER THERE !



AS THE GERMAN BARRAGE REACHED ITS PEAK, NEL CURRAN LEAPT TO HIS FEET, RAVING TO THE GLENSHIRES TO FOLLOW HIM.

COME ON,  
GLENSHIRES!  
THIS TIME WE  
BREAK THROUGH  
OR BUST!



GRIMLY, SLOWLY, THE BATTLE CRIMED GLENSHIRES RAN THROUGH THE FOREST -- KNOWING THAT ONLY HARD SWIFT ACTION AND DOGGED COURAGE COULD TAKE THEM THROUGH THE GERMAN DEFENCE.

ACHTUNG!



Chain Of Command

DESPERATELY, THE GERMANS TRIED TO SHATTER THE BRITISH ATTACK.  
A MERCILESS HAIL OF FIRE SWEPT THE GLENSHIRES' RANKS.



BUT EVEN THOUGH A COMRADE DROPPED FOR EVERY  
YARD OF THE ADVANCE, THE GLENSHIRES KEPT GOING.

VALIANTLY, THE GLENSHIRES SWEPT THROUGH  
THE ■■■ING CURTAIN OF FIRE AND MET  
THEIR ENEMY IN FEROCIOUS CLOSE COMBAT.



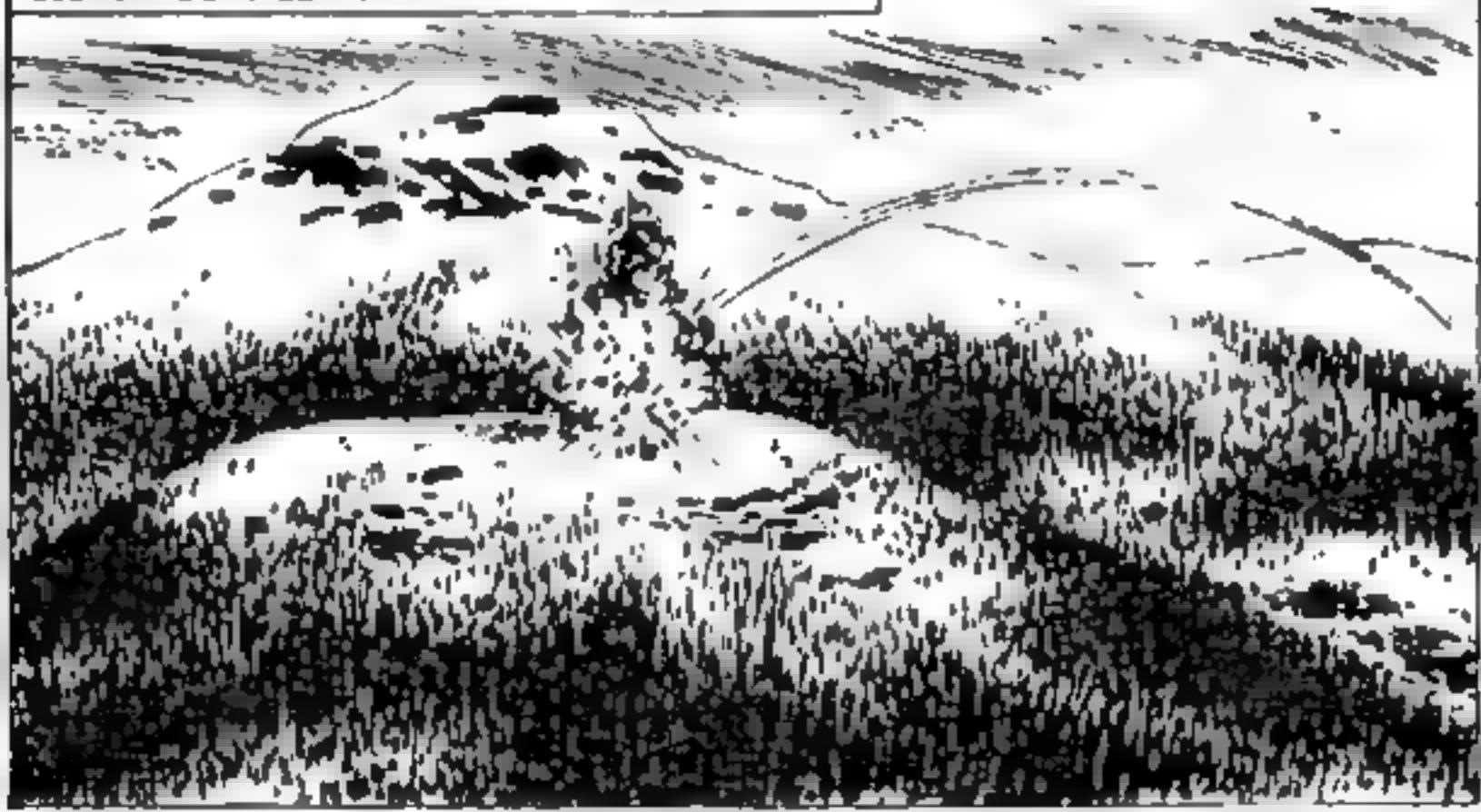
AT LAST THEY PUNCHED THROUGH THE GERMAN DEFENCE LINE AND, AHEAD OF HIM, THROUGH THE TREES, NEIL CURRAN SAW THEIR OBJECTIVE



THEY MET ONLY SLIGHT RESISTANCE ON THE SLOPES OF THE HILL -- BUT NEIL CURRAN KNEW THAT THE WORST WAS YET TO COME



BUT THE GERMANS DID NOT COUNTER-ATTACK  
A MINUTE LATER, THEIR MORTARS WERE SENDING  
A RAIN OF BOMBS ON TO THE SUMMIT OF THE  
GLENSHIRES' HILL ...



AGAINST INFANTRY UNITS, THE GLENSHIRES COULD FIGHT BACK. BUT AGAINST THAT  
MERCILESS BARRAGE THEY COULD DO NOTHING BUT HUG THE GROUND -- AND WAIT ...



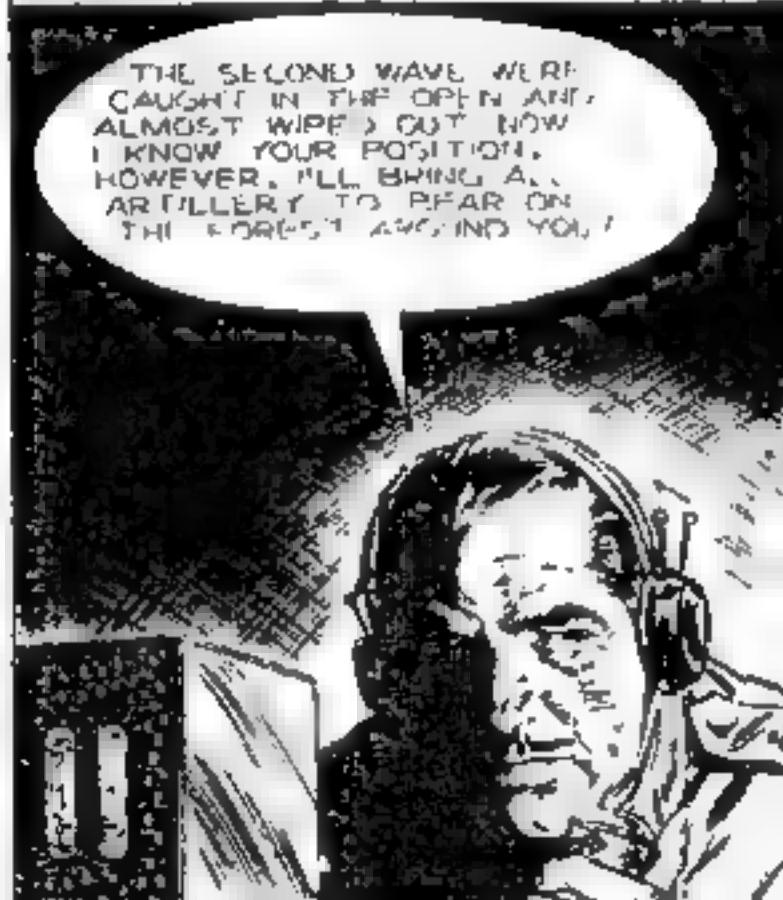
STILL THE SAVAGE BOMBARDMENT CONTINUED, THEN THROUGH THE HOLE ST, THE BEWIGGED GLENSHIRES SAW WAVES OF GERMAN INFANTRY ADVANCING TOWARDS THE HILL



AGAINST THE SHARP CHATTER OF SMALL ARMS, NEIL CURRAN SPOKE URGENTLY INTO THE RADIO TO GENERAL CAMPBELL.



GENERAL CAMPBELL GAVE A GLASS OF  
WINE, BUT HIS WORDS WERE COOL,  
CLIPPED AND CONFIDENT



## Chain Of Command

GENERAL CAMPBELL'S PLAN SEEMED TO BE THE ONLY HOPE FOR THE BRITISH  
ON THE TOP OF THE HILL. THEN, WITH HORROR, NEIL REMEMBERED ...



WITH HEAVY HEARTS THE GLENSHIRES WATCHED THEIR OWN ARTILLERY THROW A BLANKET OF STEEL UPON THE GERMANS -- AND, THEY FEARED, UPON THEIR OWN COMRADES.



# Chain Of Command

59

AT LAST THE BRITISH BARRAGE LIFTED AND A GLENSHIRE ROSE TO HIS FEET AND POINTED ACROSS THE SHATTERED FOREST . . .

LOOK, SIR,  
HERE COME THE  
REINFORCEMENTS!



ONLY A FEW GERMANS HAD SURVIVED THE SHELL FIRE, AND EVEN THOSE HAD ALL THE FIGHT KNOCKED OUT OF THEM



Chain Of Command

THE TWO BRITISH UNITS LINKED FORCES THE HILL WAS NOW SECURE ..

WE'LL TAKE OVER  
NOW! YOUR LADS ARE  
BOUND FOR A REST  
CAMP AT RECHSWALD  
AND YOU'VE CERTAINLY  
EARNED IT

THANKS!  
BUT WE'LL TAKE A  
LOOK FOR THE REST  
OF THE GLENSHIRES  
ON THE WAY



THE SURVIVORS OF THE SIEGE LEFT THE HILL THAT HAD BEEN THE SUBJECT OF SUCH A BITTER BATTLE. THEY STUMBLED THROUGH THE SMOKING FOREST -- CALLING AT THE TOP OF THEIR VOICES .

GLENSHIRES  
COLONEL,  
FRASER, WHERE  
ARE YOU?

IF ONLY  
WE KNEW  
WHERE THEY'D  
REACHED.



## Chain Of Command

59

WITH DIMINISHED HOPES, THEY CONTINUED THE SEARCH,  
BUT STILL THERE WAS NO SIGN OF COLONEL FRASER'S PARTY

DO YOU THINK  
THEY'VE BEEN  
TAKEN PRISONER,  
SIR ?

I'M BEGINNING  
TO HOPE THAT'S  
WHAT HAS  
HAPPENED,  
SERGEANT.

SUDDENLY, FROM A RUBBLE OF UPFLUNG EARTH  
AND WRECKED SANDBAGS CAME A FANT CRY...

ONE OF  
THEM, ANYWAY!  
BUT WHAT OF  
COLONEL FRASER—  
AND THE  
OTHERS !

HERE !  
HERE !

IT'S  
THEM !

50 Chain Of Command

BUT THERE WERE MORE MEN ALIVE THAN NEIL CURRAN HAD EVEN DARED TO HOPE ALTHOUGH THEY WERE STILL DAZED FROM SHOCK AND THE NUMBING FURY OF THE BARRAGE ...

COLONEL  
FRASER'S IS  
NOT STILL  
ALIVE P

DON'T KNOW,  
SIR. THE COLONEL  
MADE A RUN FOR  
WHERE WE LEFT  
OUR RADIO TO TRY  
AND CALL OFF THE  
BARRAGE FROM  
OUR AREA !

THEY FOUND COLONEL FRASER, MUD-BEGRIMED AND STILL SLIGHTLY STUNNED, LYING NEAR THE EDGE OF A SHELL CRATER ...

GLAD TO  
SEE YOU'RE  
STILL ALIVE,  
COLONEL !

ARE YOU  
ALL RIGHT,  
SIR P

# Chain Of Command

THE GREY-HAIRED OFFICER MANAGED A TIGHT, PAIN-TWISTED SMILE.



WHEN THE TWO OFFICERS WERE ALONE, COLONEL  
FRASER MANAGED ANOTHER WEAK GRIN ...



**Chain Of Command**

THEN A HARSH, WELL-KNOWN VOICE BROKE IN...

YOU AND YOUR MEN DID MORE  
THAN COULD HAVE EXPECTED  
OF ANY REGIMENT, COLONEL FRASER.  
I'M PROUD TO HAVE YOU UNDER  
MY COMMAND.

GENERAL  
CAMPBELL!

AT GENERAL CAMPBELL'S PRAISE A GLINT OF PRIDE  
LIGHTED THE OLD MAN'S FADED BLUE EYES.

ONE THING'S FOR SURE, SIR.  
A GOOD CO. HAS TO BE ABLE  
TO KEEP UP WITH HIS MEN IN  
BATTLE. EVEN RAGILE'S  
HEALS UP. I THINK 'IM THE  
OLD TO COMMAND. YOUNG  
CURRAN SHOULD COMMAND  
IN MY PLACE.

CURRAN? ALL  
RIGHT, COLONEL.  
FRASER, I'LL  
GO BY YOUR  
RECOMMENDATION.

# Chain Of Command

A FEW MINUTES LATER COLONEL FRASER HAD BEEN TAKEN AWAY WITH THE OTHER WOUNDED.

THANKS FOR SAVING HIS PRICE, SIR. I MEAN, FOR NOT TELLING HIM THAT HE WASN'T *REALLY* IN COMMAND OF HIS REGIMENT. I TRIED TO BREAK IT TO HIM, BUT I COULDN'T ...

I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW I COULD GET YOU COURT-MARTIALLED FOR THIS, CURRAN?



BUT WHEN NEIL CURRAN TURNED, HE SAW THE KINDLY LOOK THAT BELIED GENERAL CAMPBELL'S HARSH WORDS.

BUT THIS IS ONE TIME I'M *NOT* GOING TO THROW THE BOOK AT A SOLDIER WHO DISOBEYS MY ORDERS. YOUR KIND OF LOYALTY IS RARE -- I'D LIKE TO THINK THAT SOME OF THAT SENSE OF LOYALTY WILL BE TRANSFERRED TO *MEE*!



THE BATTERED REMNANTS OF THE GLENSHIRE BORDERERS MARCHED AWAY FROM THE REICHSWALD FOREST— FROM A BATTLE THAT WAS TO CRUSH THE LAST HOPES OF HITLER'S REELING WEHRMACHT ...



AT THEIR HEAD WAS THEIR NEW COMMANDING OFFICER, NELL CURRAN. AND IN THE HEART OF EVERY ONE OF THEM WAS THE PROUD MEMORY OF DUTY WELL DONE, AND OF THE GREY-HAIRED OLD MAN WHO HAD LED THEM SO WELL IN THE ACTION OF HIS LIFE.

**ALSO ON SALE NOW**

**FOR WAR THRILLS . . . ACTION . . . DRAMA . . .**

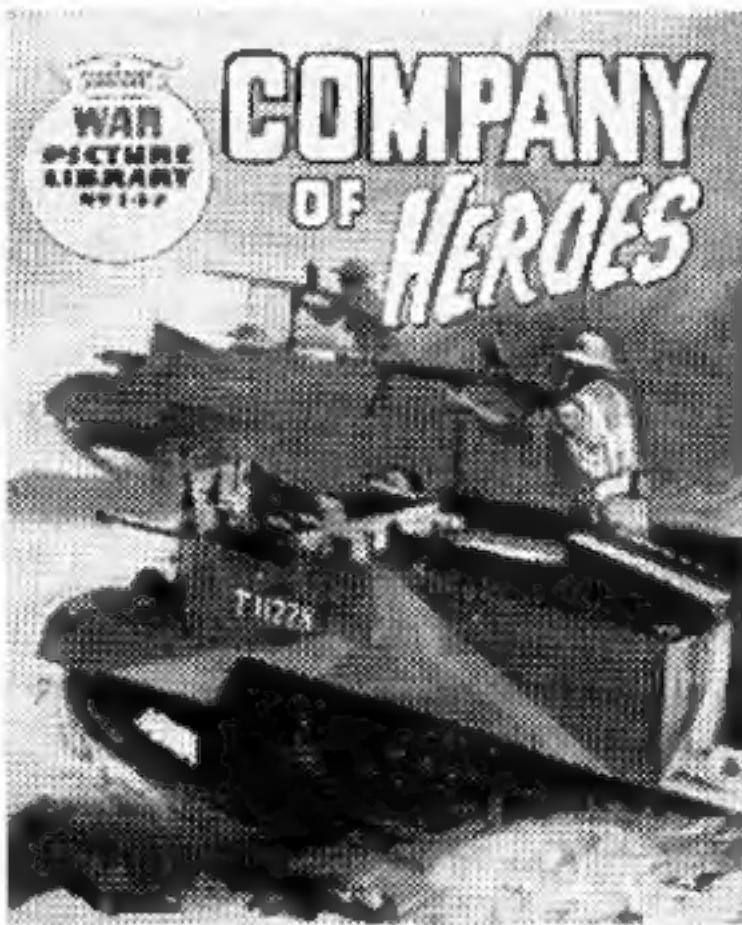
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Robot flying bombs, their black  
menace filled the skies !



In battle he proved he was fit to join  
their valiant ranks !

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# Show them you can become a *husky he-man*

**IN 7 DAYS—I'LL PROVE YOU  
CAN BE PROUD  
OF YOUR BODY!**

Don't let others take the "mickey" out of you because of your skinny build! Give me seven days and I'll prove that you'll add powerful NEW MUSCLE so fast your friends will gape with wonder! I don't dose or doctor you. And I've no use for weights and other contraptions that may strain your vital inner organs.

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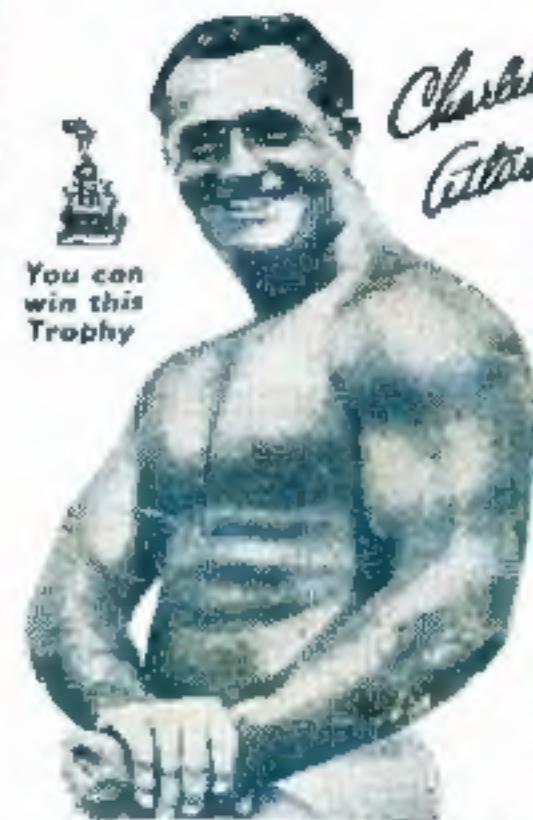
### HERE'S THE KIND OF BODY I WANT

(Check as many as  
you like)

- A Deep Chest
- Big Arm Muscles
- Broad Shoulders
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